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ABSTRACT

One of a series of social studies units designed to develop the reading and writing skills of low achievers, this student activity book focuses on the theme of education. The unit can be used for high school classes, individual study in alternative and continuing high schools, and adult education classes. Following an introduction, the unit is divided into sections which cover the history of education, modern educational systems, and the future of education. Each section contains a reading which stresses development of vocabulary and aural distinction skills. An appendix contains readings and exercises which discuss public reactions to American schools and desegregation. (LP)

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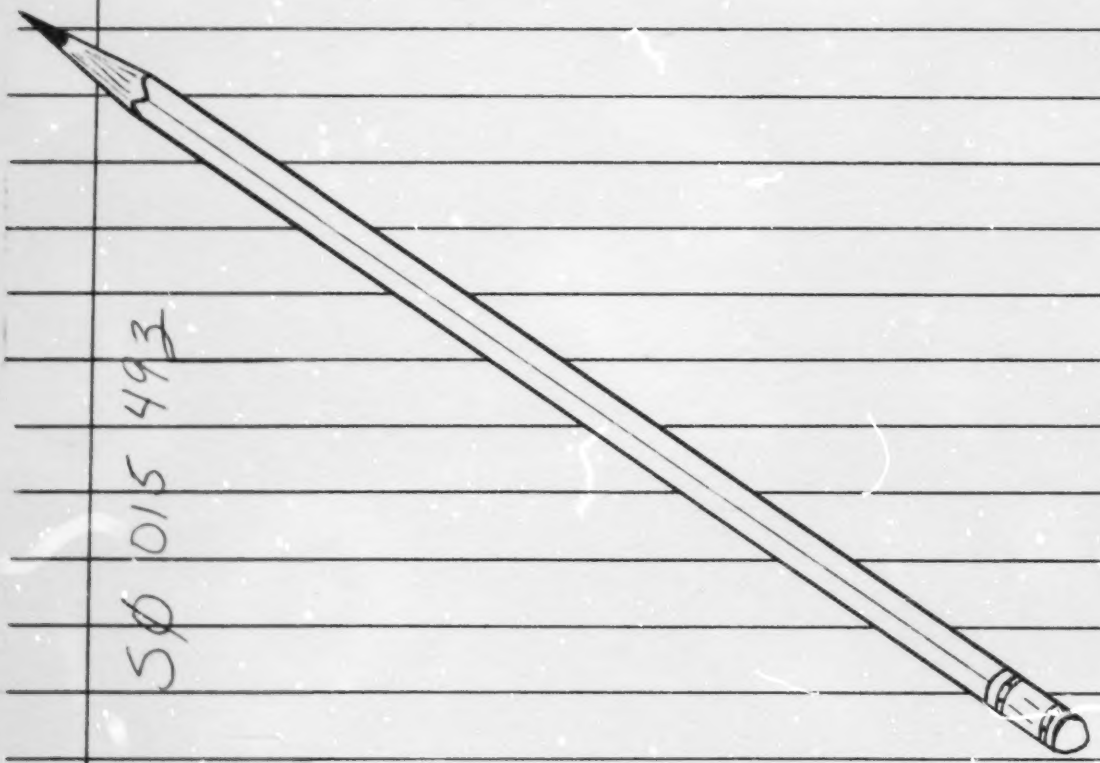
Education Theme



SO 015 493

DENNIS J. GARRAHY

VISTA UNIFIED SCHOOL DISTRICT

SOME THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION

A. Sounds Introduced
   1. fox - ox
   2. you - ou

B. Vocabulary
   1. values
   2. attitudes
   3. environment
   4. career
   5. integration
   6. preservation
   7. patriotism
   8. eldest
   9. challenge
   10. voluntary
   11. mandatory

Education is the process by which people acquire knowledge, skills, habits, values or attitudes. It is a special combination of school, family, work, and social experiences. Your attempt to gain knowledge and insight about your environment will probably take place in some sort of school today. Therefore, it would be wise to set some personal goals for yourself to accomplish during your school years.

Some subjects or courses that you choose may relate immediately to a present job or a job that you see in the near future. Many of these classes are career oriented courses such as metal, wood and auto shops, ceramics and business related subjects.

Other classes are helpful in a less obvious way. Courses such as social studies, English, and mathematics give you the background necessary to function as a good citizen in our society.

Each society looks upon the purpose of education a little differently. However, the basic goal of most educational systems around the world seems to be teaching the fundamental

skills such as reading, writing, and arithmetic. In addition, a particular country may use education to aid in the integration of a racially mixed society or possibly the preservation of mixed languages and cultures within the general society. Most societies also use education to teach good citizenship and patriotism.

In the United States, in the twentieth century, we have developed a philosophy that attempts to educate every American citizen. This attitude did not exist until America declared itself a free nation in 1776, nor does it apply worldwide today. In ancient Egypt, the eldest son of a wealthy family would be sent to school. Church schools developed during the Middle Ages and these schools eventually grew into universities. In both of the above examples, only a select group of people were educated.

In America, the colonists set up elementary schools (kindergarten through sixth grade) but it was not until 1821 that the first public high school was founded in Massachusetts. Today, in the United States, free (tax supported) public schools are available for grades 1 through 12.

Needless to say, the cost of educating every American citizen is a tremendous challenge. Some people may ask whether it is worth the billions of tax dollars it takes to educate the masses in America each year. Some people also question the millions of dollars spent on busing for integration purposes. What do you think? Should all education in America be on a voluntary basis or should it remain mandatory until the age of sixteen? As a taxpayer and a future voter, you should begin to consider some of these issues now.

In this education theme, we will read about and discuss many of the topics that we have referred to in this short introduction. In addition, you will be given some background on the history of education, the student rights movement, and the changes you can expect to see in our schools during the next ten years.

EDUCATION: A GLANCE BACK IN TIME

A. Sounds Introduced

1. bear - ear
2. hear - ear
3. learn - earn
4. heart - eart
5. knit - kn

B. Vocabulary

1. breakthrough
2. invented
3. communicate
4. precisely
5. imitation
6. customs
7. rituals
8. drought
9. impact
10. strict
11. assignment
12. independent
13. specialized
14. excelled
15. revolved
16. formal
17. mandatory

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to have lived in prehistoric times? Prehistoric means before any written language was used. How would man be able to educate himself during this time with no books or newspapers to read? It must have been a very difficult job. The first major breakthrough in the history of education happened in prehistoric times when man invented language. Language allowed man to communicate more precisely than he could by signs and gestures.

Young people in prehistoric societies probably learned through imitation. For example, a young boy would learn how to construct a shelter by working with an older, experienced master builder. Youngsters could also acquire language and the customs of their parents and other adults in their society through imitation. Through the performance of rituals, they learned about the meaning of life and the ties that bound them to their group. The rituals consisted of dancing or other activities. They were performed at times of emotional stress, such as death, warfare, or drought.

The rituals usually involved stories which dealt with such things as the group's history and its gods and heros.

Around 3000 B.C., two groups of people who lived in the Middle East, the Sumerians and the Egyptians, each invented a system of writing. The invention of writing made possible the beginning of schools as we know them today.

Why do you think the invention of writing had such a big impact on the history of education? Before man developed writing, teachers had to repeat orally what was to be learned until the student had memorized it. Consequently, a child could only learn what his teacher already knew and had memorized. But now with a written language, a child could be taught to read and the teacher could make available the knowledge of many men, not only his own.

As you may have imagined, these early writing systems were very difficult to learn. The Sumerians and Egyptians only allowed the most talented boys to attend schools taught by temple priests. Girls were not allowed to attend school. A boy's training lasted from about the age of 5 to 17. The schools were very strict. Students repeated every assignment over and over again until they got it perfect. If the boys remained in schools, they eventually graduated and became scribes. Scribes were hired for any job that required a knowledge of reading, writing, or arithmetic.

Another early people who made tremendous contributions to the history of education were the ancient Greeks. Ancient Greece was divided into independent city states. One of these early city states was named Athens. Athenian education was designed to produce good citizens.

Athenian boys started their education at about age six. However, their schools were much different than ours today. A trusted family slave simply took them from teacher to teacher each of whom specialized in certain subjects. The boys studied subjects like reading, writing, arithmetic, music, dancing, and gymnastics. At the age of sixteen, they attended the gymnasium. Gymnasiums trained young men to become citizen soldiers. They worked on such sports as running and wrestling and were taught the art of war. The Athenian educational system produced some famous philosophers and teachers like Aristotle, Plato, and Socrates.

You may have guessed that the Greek women received no formal education. The Greeks believed girls could learn all they needed to know from their mothers.

The early Romans followed the Athenian system of education pretty closely. However, the Romans did provide an elementary education for the girls. They also excelled the Greeks in fields like agriculture, engineering, and law.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, the Christian church played an important role in education during the Middle Ages (400 A.D. - 1500 A.D.) During this time period, education totally revolved around the church. Formal education was controlled by the church and only young men going into some religious job were educated.

About 1440, a German metalworker named Johannes Gutenberg invented movable type in Europe. The invention of the printing press created large numbers of low cost books and pamphlets. Now more people than ever before wanted to learn to read and write. Printing would allow people to learn without an instructor.

By the 1500's the church began to lose some of its power. Education was opening up again to other areas outside the church. The field of science became very important. Science began to be taught in the schools though it did not become a major subject until the mid 1800's.

As the state or nation, instead of the church, began to play the leading role in education, the idea of "public" education began to grow. By the early 1900's, public elementary education was free and mandatory in most European countries. In the United States, as early as 1642, Massachusetts became the first American colony to require establishment of public elementary and secondary schools.

As you now see, the face of education has really changed over the years. Probably the biggest change over the years is that today most people around the world have an opportunity to get at least a basic education.

UNIT 3

DIFFERENT APPROACHES TO EDUCATION TODAY

A. Sounds Introduced
   1. tie - ie
   2. quick - qu
   3. fare - are

B. Vocabulary

1. experimenting	6. contract
2. unique	7. concentrated
3. electives	8. required
4. extracurricular	9. vocational
5. alternative	10. dedicated

For many years, educators have studied and discussed the best ways to organize schools and to teach children. Unfortunately, no one answer has been found to solve this question. It seems that there are always new ideas and experiments going on in education in an attempt to improve schools.

It is well accepted today that students learn in many different ways. A system of education such as the traditional high school may work fine for one student and be a total failure for another. What is the reason for this problem? It just appears that each person is an individual and learns a little differently from the next person. Some students learn best from listening. Other pupils are most effective when they read something for themselves. Still others have to be up out of their seats physically going through the motions of learning. Which category do you fit in?

Long ago in history, people were experimenting with different ideas in education. During the 1700's, Cardinal Mazarin, a great French statesman, taught the boy king Louis XIV by playing card games with him. The cards were marked with things that Mazarin thought the young king should know. This unique approach to education motivated King Louis XIV and he sought knowledge for the rest of his life.

Moving up to our present time, there are several widespread approaches to education. The approach you are probably most familiar with is the traditional one. Under this system a student starts school about 5 years of age (kindergarten) and continues until he or she graduates in the 12th grade. The average class size is around 30 pupils. The basic skills such as reading, writing, and arithmetic are emphasized but there is also much time for electives and extracurricular activities. The majority of young people in the United States attend this type of school.

However, as we have mentioned earlier, people learn in many different ways. All school districts in California are required by law to offer some form of alternative education if the parent requests it. Alternative education is basically doing something different from the regular classes. What are some examples of doing something different than the regular classroom procedure? Some students may go out in the community and learn first hand on the job. Others may be given contract work on an individualized basis and allowed to work at their own speed. Some alternative programs offer different hours of attendance, allowing the student time to work during the day. If you are wondering if the high school you are now attending has an alternative program, check with the school counselor.

Some private citizens in different parts of our country, have formed "fundamental schools". These people believe that the traditional public schools are failing because they are too easy. They feel that traditional schools offer too many "nonsense" courses and not enough attention is paid to the fundamental skills of reading, writing, and mathematics. The parents also think that the discipline in public schools is missing. So what happens in a fundamental school?

The fundamental school concentrates only on the basic skills. Students have no choice in the courses they take. They are required to pay very close attention to the teacher and stand when any adult enters the classroom. Uniforms are required in many places. There is also a certain number of hours of homework a night required of each student. If a student does not follow the rules of the school, he or she is immediately removed. Needless to say, this system of education does not work for everyone, but has proved to be effective for a minority of students and parents.

Vocational schools are also becoming more popular. A vocational school trains a student in a specific skill such as welding, mechanics, carpentry, secretarial skills, etc. Most vocational schools are still privately owned. However, some states do have public vocational schools. A person will go to a vocational school normally around their sophomore year of high school. Once they graduate from the vocational school, they will go directly into the field that they were being trained for. Many students in California are graduating from high school and then getting their vocational education almost free at a junior college.

As can be seen, there is no one answer to solve the educational dilemma of improving the learning process. However, you have probably already figured out that the two biggest factors in making any educational approach work is a dedicated teacher and a willing student.

EDUCATION TODAY: WHERE IS IT HEADING?

A. Sounds Introduced
1. sung - ung
2. key - ey

B. Vocabulary

1. conducted	8. extort	15. respondents
2. verdict	9. disrespectful	
3. remediation	10. intolerance	
4. shrinking	11. prolonged	
5. restrictions	12. literate	
6. fee	13. distorted	
7. cursed	14. irresponsible	

Public schools today are probably better than ever before. However, they have never been under more attack from parents, students and the press. In 1981, a Newsweek poll conducted by the Gallup Organization found that half of the respondents say schools are doing a poor or only fair job - a verdict that would have been unthinkable just seven years ago, when two-thirds in a similar poll rated schools excellent or good. Fifty-nine percent believe teachers should be better trained; more than 60 percent want their children taught in a more orderly atmosphere; almost seventy percent call for more stress on academic basics.

What has caused this drastic change in the public's opinion of schools? There is no simple answer to this question. For one thing, academic requirements seem to get weaker each year. Academic standards are what is required of students. For example, some critics claim that students are going through school with passing grades or better and they are not learning very much.

The teachers are just giving them "social promotions" each year as they get one grade older. A child may get to eighth grade and only read at the second grade level and still be unable to add or subtract.

In answer to this problem, educators around our country are preparing competency tests. A competency test will test basic skills such as reading, writing, and arithmetic. These tests would be given and graded by district administrators to keep away any charges that the teachers were helping their students. If a student did poorly on a competency test, he or she would be given immediate remediation to help master the skill. If the student was not able to pass the district competency test as a senior in high school, he or she would not graduate. Unfortunately, competency tests vary greatly in terms of difficulty from one district to the next. There have already been stories of seniors transferring to another district in hopes of an easier competency test.

Another problem facing education is that of cost. Costs per pupil are rising at the same time enrollments are falling and budgets shrinking. Budget restrictions have become a fact of life for most schools. Many good programs and classes have been cut because of lack of money. In California, Proposition 13 greatly reduced the property tax homeowners had to pay. This property tax money had been used, for the most part, to support public schools. As a result of the passage of this bill, summer school was dropped, most field trips cancelled, and some sports eliminated. In some places, the school day has been cut, so that a high school graduate in some parts of California now spends a full year less in class over twelve years of school than does the same student in New Hampshire.

Where will school districts find money to support their programs? There have been some experiments in this area. In Santa Barbara, California, they charge students a fee to participate in any extracurricular activity such as a sport, cheerleading, band, etc. Other schools have increased the size of classes and reduced the number of teachers.

The growing number of "one parent" homes has also had its impact on education. Twenty percent of all students now have only one parent at home and that number is increasing by 300,000 each year. Half have no one at home during the day. Miami art teacher, Peggy Rudolph was so moved by the sight of her students wearing house-keys around their necks and waiting for school to open in the morning that she began showing up at 6:45 A.M. Many of these parents are working very hard at trying to support their families and have little time to help or care about their son or daughter in school. Parent help and support in a child's education had, in the past, been a crucial part of the educational process.

Some observers say that the biggest problem facing education today is school discipline. According to the Newsweek poll, discipline is the single most important complaint about public schools today. Teachers and kids report being cursed out, ripped off, beaten-up - and the young muggers sometimes do a lot more than extort lunch money in the bathroom. Teachers and students also claim that in some cases, so much time is spent on discipline in the classroom, that there is little time left for learning.

The question that comes up is are kids more disrespectful today than twenty years ago? Most people do not think kids today are any better or worse than years before. However, schools are definitely competing with different forces today than when your parents were in school. What are some of these forces?

Television has to be one of them. Children are watching television two to six hours a day. It is very difficult for teachers and schools to compete with television. Perhaps this fact might help explain the statement of one teacher, "How can you teach when students won't sit down long enough to listen?" Children watching 15 to 30 hours a week are likely to develop an intolerance for anything that requires a long attention span. The reason for this trait is because children's television is made up of little five to thirty second scenes dealing with different actions, products, or information. Obviously, not every child is hooked on television, but it is possible to see that television and the attitudes it forms make it difficult for educators to cover material which requires a prolonged attention span.

Will education be able to survive some of the challenge that we have just discussed? The answer is definitely yes! Education is one of the most important parts of the American way of life. In the United States, we take pride in the fact that our citizens are literate and can work with the government in making responsible decisions. Much of the criticism of public schools today is second hand information. People hear one story about a school teacher or student and then pass it on. Eventually that story becomes distorted. And so begins the vicious rumors. Many of the people who believe our schools are dangerous or irresponsible should spend some time visiting the schools and it will not be long before they discover that schools and education in general has never been healthier.

APPENDIX READINGS
WITH QUESTIONS & EXERCISES

The Public Reacts to Our Schools

Vocabulary

1. multitude
2. diverse
3. bureaucracy
4. distressed
5. rehashing

The following letters react to our schools. It is a sample of some of the public's opinion about what our schools should and should not be doing.

LETTER #1

Education Without Government

I, for one, am tired of shelling out more and more money for "education" when each new study reveals that the schools are turning out dumber and dumber kids. Meanwhile, there are always groups of frustrated parents who object to what their little ones are being taught. But the multitude of thorny problems that falls on American education today can be solved by one simple act; turn it over to the capitalist system. Let people go into the education business, selling schools to meet the diverse needs of America's knowledge consumers. Instead of trying to filter aid to education through a massive bureaucracy, why not give a financial credit to the parents of each school-age child? This credit would be turned into cash for whichever school the child attends for the year.

In the true capitalist spirit, demand would create supply and there would be something for everybody. There would be integrated schools, segregated schools, religious schools, hippy schools, and military schools. Each set of parents could take its pick. Rich parents could still pay extra for a private school of their choice, but, for the first time, middle-class and poor parents would be able to do what the rich already do - choose the set of values their child will learn instead of having to accept whatever their local school district shoves at them.

Richard Johnson
Bayside, N.Y.

LETTER #2

Making A Living Class

I am an 18-year-old-upper-middle-class male who recently graduated from high school. Having been warned repeatedly about the "real world," I was still not prepared for the shock of post-school life. I soon realized that even though I had undergone 13 years of public school education, I was still almost totally ignorant of the basic information of life, such as getting a job, getting an apartment, and using banks and credit cards. In all my 13 years of schooling, I don't recall these subjects ever coming up. What was worse than not knowing how to try out for a job was not knowing what jobs could be tried out for. I remember a 10-week "guidance" course, when I was 15, but the misguided teacher did nothing but give us short quizes and pamphlets about different professions.

What I propose is that a class be given in high school in which each day a different person comes in and speaks to the class about his or her job. A different job each day, from all levels of society. That would end up being 180 jobs learned about in a year assuming that no time was wasted on short quizes and tests.

Bill Tucker
Canoga Park, CA.

LETTER #3

Schools Run By Parents and Teachers

I believe that each year's education budget should be divided equally amongst all schools (adjusting for size of student body). The budget of an individual school would be controlled by open meetings of the teaching staff and the parents of the students. The students and other interested neighborhood people could attend these meetings, but they wouldn't be allowed to vote. I think these meetings would be better than PTA meetings because the PTA doesn't really control anything important.

This new system would give parents a chance to decide what their children are taught and to hire and fire teachers.

Bernice Harris
Akron, Ohio

LETTER #4

Family Tree History

I was quite distressed at dinner one night when my 13 year-old son revealed to my wife and me that he thought American history was "boring". He told us that "the people who lived back then were "differnet from us". They were "old fashioned". I was just about to give him a finger-wagging lecture about what my father had told me about the importance of history when I realized that my son probably thought of his own grandfather as "old-fashioned", and "different from us". My father died before my son was born, and I guess the only time I ever spoke of him was during my finger-wagging lectures.

I asked my boy to bring me his American history textbook, and when I looked through it, I began to see my son's problem. My wife and I are members of an ethnic group that came to America in the big immigration wave around the turn of the century. It doesn't matter which ethnic group we are. The point is that when I flipped through my son's history book, I came across the same events that I studied when I was his age: the Indians, the Mayflower, the Puritans, the revolution against England, slavery, the Civil War, and Reconstruction. I'm not saying these subjects aren't important, but the fact is that there's more to it. My son is being taught someone else's history! The later immigrants and their histories were dismissed in eight pages in this textbook, which quickly went on to the robber barons and World War I.

Anyway, here is my solution to the problem of history classes. Each student should be required to take a Family Tree History class in which he would interview his parents, his grandparents and any other surviving relatives about what their lives were really like. Then each student would give an oral report to th class about the history of his or her family and how its member finally came to settle in the area. I am sure the stories would be a whole lot more interesting than another rehashing of the landing at Plymouth Rock. And the students would get to learn the history of the hardworking, everyday people they see on the streets instead of just the history of politicians, millionaires, and generals.

Anonymous

LETTER #5

Busing and Boredom

I think that I have come up with a plan that will solve the problem of busing as well as deal with the boredom that so many school kids and teachers experience. For a certain portion of each semester (I would suggest trying three weeks the first time), each school in a district would become the center for one course of study. For example, all high school students from the entire school district who are interested in American history would be bused each day for three weeks to the American history school. All those interested in chemistry would go to the chemistry school, and so on. After the three weeks were over, all the students would go back to their local schools. This plan achieves the following: (1) students from different neighborhoods would be exposed to each other. (2) Students would be able to pursue their favorite subjects. (3) Teachers would get a chance to vary their curriculum for a few weeks and would also get to teach a classroom of kids who have chosen to be there instead of being required to attend. As a teacher, I find that there is nothing more depressing than trying to teach algebra to a bunch of kids who aren't the least bit interested in algebra. It also makes it hard on the students who actually want to learn.

Mary Ann Beckwith
Atlanta, GA

Vocabulary

1. expedition
2. perplexed
3. peered
4. foreboding
5. bandanas
6. corridors
7. dangling
8. roving
9. taunted
10. siege
11. simultaneously

Julie

A few days before school opened, Julie decided on a daring expedition. Not to faraway places, but only a few miles from her home. She was going to visit South Boston.

For a black sophomore from Roxbury, Boston's black community, it was a [illegible]id decision. South Boston had made it clear for a long time that it didn't welcome blacks, even as visitors. The year before, black students had been bused to Southie for the first time. South Boston residents had reacted with angry, violent demonstrations. This year they promised more of the same.

Still, Julie was curious about this community where she would be attending school in a couple of days, and she wanted to take a look at it. She knew it was a workingclass, Irish

neighborhood, but she didn't know much more. She thought it was odd that even though she had grown up in Boston, there was one neighborhood she had never seen.

Julie was determined to be cool about her trip. She was going to act as if she knew exactly what she was doing. She was not going to act scared. That was on the outside. Inside, Julie was shaking, and she knew it. It wasn't just that she was disobeying her parents, because in a way she wasn't. They had never actually told her not to go to South Boston. Why would any black want to go to Southie? That's why Julie's stomach felt like bubbling oatmeal. She told herself she just wanted to take a quick look.

It was a peaceful Sunday afternoon on Labor Day weekend when the subway rolled into Andrew station. Julie's heart picked up its pace. "This is the place," she thought, "Southie. Looks quiet, clean, no trouble."

The subway doors snapped closed behind her and Julie began walking towards the exit sign. White people passed her without so much as a second look, and she started to feel a little braver.

Out in the bright sunlight, she noticed how neat and orderly these Southie streets were. An elderly lady ambled past her and smiled. Julie smiled shyly back and began strolling down the street next to the station feeling a little more confident. She even wondered why everyone worried about going to school in this quiet, sleepy neighborhood. There seemed to be very few people about, only a man walking toward her. He seemed hardly to notice as she brushed by. But suddenly she felt a wetness, a stickiness on her face. At first, she didn't know what it was and stood there perplexed, wiping the slimy stuff off. Then, as she looked at her hand, she realized someone had just spat at her and hit her right in the face.

She swung around to see the man she had just passed. He half-turned, half-smiled, then walked on, whistling.

Julie was confused. The man seemed about her father's age, neatly dressed with an athletic letter jacket that said "Southie" on it. His face didn't look mean or hateful. And she hadn't done anything to bother him. She wiped the rest of the spit off and turned back toward the subway station. The neighborhood still seemed sleepy and safe - she wondered if the spitting incident had really happened.

No one seemed to be about. "Maybe they're all still having Sunday dinner," Julie thought as she crossed the street and fumbled in her pocket for change for the subway.

Suddenly she wondered why she hadn't noticed the group of boys sooner. They were lounging on the corner near a luncheonette.

"You lost, nigger? Can't you find the zoo? Want a banana?"

Julie quickened her pace. She was glad she had not gone too far. She slammed a quarter in the turnstyle and raced down the steps, thanking God she heard a train coming. A glance back told her the boys had jumped over the turnstyles and were following her. She ran onto the train as the boys, walking slowly now, made monkey gestures from the platform and sang, "Bye, bye, blackbird."

The train pulled away, but Julie could still see the boys taunting her. As she sat down, she realized that the people on the car, all of them white, were staring at her.

Julie turned and looked out the window, trying to get lost in the blackness of the subway tunnel, hoping they wouldn't notice her tears, her hands shaking in her lap.

The first day of school arrived bright and warm, but Julie shivered as she looked through the faded curtains at the morning she dreaded.

She pulled the sheet up over her head and remembered past years when she had looked forward to school. Not this year. Especially not after what had happened Sunday.

"Julie, move!" shouted her mother from downstairs. She crawled out of bed and carefully put on her new skirt and blouse her mother had stayed up late to iron the night before. Pulling the comb through her hair, she watched her face carefully in the mirror, surprised she looked so calm.

When Julie walked into the kitchen, she knew right away something was wrong. Her mother was usually bustling around, singing along with the radio. This morning, though, she was working grimly at the stove and there was no music at all.

"This stupid South Boston business," her mother said angrily. "The radio's full of news of the police over there this morning....If we didn't want you to finish your high school education, we'd yank you right out of there."

"It's gonna be OK," Julie tried to reassure her mother, knowing herself that it would be far from OK. "Maybe after all the fightin' there last year, those white kids will leave us alone."

"You just remember, Julie, live and let live. If they don't bother with you, don't bother with them."

Julie knew it wasn't going to be that easy. When she met her girlfriend Lynn outside to walk to the bus stop, she admitted she was scared.

"Just cool it, gotta play it cool. That's what my brother says," Lynn said.

"Yeah, he oughta know. That brother of yours."

"Say what?"

"Thinkin' of him goin' to Southie last year gives me the shakes."

"How come?"

"He was suspended what? Twelve times for fightin'? Came home with a broken nose once? You think talkin' about him makes me feel better?"

"I hear ya."

About ten other kids were waiting on the corner for the bus. The ones who had been to South Boston High the year before were kidding, but only half-kidding, about how bad it was.

"It was so bad," one boy joked, "they didn't ask you to erase the blackboard, they asked you to erase the white-board!"

While everyone laughed, Julie stared at the empty beer bottles and crumpled cigarette packs lying in the gutter at her feet. This morning, even the grimy streets of Roxbury offered some sense of security.

"You carrying any protection, sister?" asked one boy.

"What do you mean?"

"You know, a knife or pick or something." He showed her a pocketknife stuck in the lining of his jacket. "You're crazy if you don't. Wait till they corner you in the hallway between classes and you all alone. This can be your best friend." He patted his pocket.

Julie's stomach began to hurt. She didn't want to fight, and she didn't want to get into trouble. Right now she just wanted to go home.

Julie and Lynn grabbed seats in the front of the bus, since Julie was still determined to have a good look at the place where she was going to have to go to school. Her brief visit Sunday hadn't told her much about Southie itself, although it had told her something about some of the people.

Slowly, the dirty, dull streets of Roxbury changed to cleaner, neater streets as the bus approached South Boston. Julie thought that even the houses seemed brighter - yellows, greens, reds - not like the monotone of her neighborhood. They passed through the integrated community of Dorchester, and as more black students piled on and more jokes were told, everyone started sounding braver and braver.

Finally the bus began to travel the half-mile stretch along the beaches into the heart of Southie. Everyone suddenly was silent, except for one lone voice from the back that said resignedly, "Here we go....."

As the bus swung onto the main boulevard, four police motorcycles pulled in front, their blue lights flashing. Julie looked in back of the bus and saw four more motorcycle policemen. She didn't know if all the police made her feel better or worse.

She peered out the window anxiously and noticed the same neat rows of houses she had seen by the subway station. But, to her surprise, there were no angry crowds gathered along the bus route. Maybe the radio had been wrong. Julie breathed a sigh of relief and watched the sun dance on the waters off Carson Beach. It was all so quiet.

"Hey, look over there," someone yelled. Everyone turned to see a greeting scrawled in big red letters along a fence by the road: "Niggers Go Home." Then on the sidewalk a few blocks up: "Resist!"

Just at that moment, the bus turned a corner and began its slow climb up a steep hill. The motorcycle police in front signaled the bus to stop. As the police talked on their walkie-talkies, Julie and her classmates waited in silence. The bus sat in the middle of an empty street. On either side squatted small, trim houses that crowded right up against the street, making it seem even closer inside the yellow school bus. Julie and Lynn stared at the "Nigger Go Home" sings written on paper and taped to the windows of the houses. It seemed like every house carried a message: "No Forced Busing," "Never," "KKK," "White Power."

Julie looked up the hill in front to see what was causing the delay. Through the blue flashing lights of the police, she could see the gray, foreboding bulk of South Boston High School looming like an old fort from the top of the hill. It looked even more unfriendly in person than it did in television news stories.

Finally the bus began inching up the hill. Everyone inside seemed to hold his breath. As they crept closer to the school, Julie saw why they had waited down below.

A large crowd of angry people milled in front of the high school. The mob, which covered several blocks, was screaming, shoving, and throwing rocks and bottles at the police, who were trying to push them back.

Julie had never seen police dressed like this before. They were like paratroopers in the war movies, wearing one-piece suits and high military boots, with their helmets pulled down to cover their faces. Guns swung from their hips, and they gripped long, shiny, black sticks in their hands. Some of them had gas masks hanging from their necks.

These police were joined by others on horses. Still more police strained to control attack dogs that tugged at their thick leather leashes. Julie could see column after column of helmeted police marching from behind the school and from the side streets to add to the chaos.

"Oh, Jesus," someone in the back of Julie said. "I wish to God I never got on this bus."

"Just stay cool, stay cool," said a local minister who was riding the bus with them. "The police will keep them away from you." But push as they might, the police could only cut a thin path for the bus to creep through.

Julie remembered the young boys from Sunday and wondered if they were in this crowd. Or the man who spat at her. As the screams grew louder, Julie matched faces with voices. They were all ages, little children as well as grandparents. Hundreds of angry whites raised their clenched fists and screeched at the buses.

"Go home, nigger!"

"Out of Southie!"

Julie was shocked to see three women her mother's age dressed up in bandanas with little ribbons all through their hair, their faces painted black. They were waving watermelons at the buses. She had never seen grown women act like that; her own mother always seemed so dignified to her. Her dismay gave way to anger. She realized the women were pleased at the frightened black faces they saw in the school bus windows. Their pleasure made her furious.

Finally the bus pulled up to the thick wrought-iron fence surrounding the school. A black man stepped onto the bus.

"OK, kids, now move off the bus, no shovin', up the front steps, don't turn around, don't say anything to anybody, don't even make a face."

When Julie stepped onto the sidewalk, the noise of the crowd grew even louder. Police and angry whites seemed to press in on her from everywhere. A confusing maze of cameras and microphones suddenly materialized around her. The police pushed the reporters back, but as Julie headed for the school a reporter shouted, "Are you scared?"

Julie clutched her notebook and bit her lip, trying to shut out the scene around her. She muttered under her breath, "You're damn right I'm scared, man, and you would be too if you was black."

Inside the door of Southie High, Julie relaxed a bit. "This is better," she told Lynn. "They can't get us here."

"Oh, yeah? Look."

Painted on the wall in front of them was, "Kill the niggers!" in bright red letters. A janitor was popping open cans of green paint to cover the slogan. Julie wondered why it hadn't been painted over before the black students arrived.

They were ordered into a single line and told to open all their pocketbooks and book bags. These would be searched for weapons. Then everyone had to pass through a metal detector.

Lynn looked at Julie and grimaced.

Julie shrugged. "Ever since that kid got stabbed last year, everybody's gotta do it." Still, there were stories that anyone who really wanted to smuggle anything into Southie could.

Waiting in line, Julie took a good look around her. Southie was an old school. The green paint curled and peeled from the walls everywhere. The dull brown floor tiles smelled as if they had recently been scrubbed, but no amount of cleaning could undo the generations of scarring and shuffling that left them torn and dented. The walls seemed close, unfriendly. Julie shivered.

Walking down the hall, Julie was startled to see more policemen in the corridors, still in their riot gear. They looked strange standing in a high school corridor, sipping coffee, billy clubs and handcuffs dangling from their belts. The corridors were quiet and dark. The two girls passed no white students.

"Maybe the white kids ain't comin' today," whispered Lynn hopefully.

As they opened the door to their homeroom, they heard an excited buzz of young voices. But as soon as they walked in, the room fell completely silent. The teacher motioned them in.

"Come in, girls, take a seat."

They looked around at a sea of white faces. Some were smirking. Some were angry. A few looked silently down at their desks. A single black boy sat in a corner, surrounded by empty desks.

"Gee, where do you think they can sit?" a white boy called out.

"Quiet!" the teacher ordered. "They may sit wherever they please."

"Yeah," another voice muttered, "As long as it's over there in Motown."

The white kids laughed loudly as Julie and Lynn made their way to seats next to the black boy. As they sat down, white students nearby pulled their desks farther away.

The teacher had just started giving instructions when the bell rang and Julie was jolted into thinking about her first class. As the white students pressed toward the door, Julie and Lynn hesitated, watching the other black student.

"You better walk with me. I've been through this before. The hallway's the worst, and whatever you do, don't go to the bathrooms."

"Huh?"

"I mean it. They catch you in the bathroom and you're fair game. No teachers, no cops. Just an aide."

"An aide?" asked Julie.

"Yeah, you know, someone hired by the school to watch over us - along with all the cops. But you can't always count on 'em. Sometimes they're as bad as the kids."

They joined a group of black students in the hallway. Julie noticed that all the white students walked single file down one side of the hall, the black students down the other. Occasionally, the ranks were broken by a helmeted policeman who walked along, his eyes roving.

White and black students taunted each other relentlessly.

"Stick around after school, nigger, we'll teach you some real lessons."

"Get lost, honky, you couldn't pay me to stick around this hole."

Chemistry class was much the same as homeroom. Black students sat on one side of the room, white students on the other. Throughout the period, black and white students whispered insults and threats. Still, the teacher tried to ignore it all and conduct a routine first day. Near the end of the hour, the teacher broke off in mid-sentence and looked toward the door. He was listening.

The rumble began faintly, but soon everyone could hear it.

"Here we go, Southie! Here we go!"

People marching in the corridors were singing Southie's fight song. It was the same chanting the black students had heard outside. Now it was joined by shouts of, "Kill the niggers!"

The chanting grew louder. It sounded as if hundreds of people were marching in the halls, their voices booming off the walls, penetrating every classroom.

"Here we go, Southie! Here we go!"

"Ignore that, stay in your...."

The teacher's words were cut off by a white student's dashing for the door. He was joined by what seemed to be every white kid in the class. As he threw open the door, Julie could see the hall jammed with white students chanting and waving their fists in the air.

As the sounds of the demonstration grew fainter, the public address system crackled, "The remainder of today's classes are canceled. All white students must leave the building immediately. Buses will arrive in twenty minutes to take black students home."

As the buses rumbled down the hill, both blacks and whites shouted and made obscene gestures at each other.

The buses picked up speed as they neared the bottom of the hill. Through the flashing blue lights of the motorcycles surrounding the bus, Julie could see police in their paratrooper outfits guarding each intersection. As she looked out the back window at South Boston High, she picked out uniformed men standing on the roof with rifles. As the buses reached the bottom of the hill and made the long sweep along the beachfront, they passed by a large housing project. Julie's heart came to her throat. The sidewalks were packed with angry whites. This time, though, she knew there was not enough protection. The lines of police began to waver and break under the barrage of bricks and bottles hurled at each bus.

When it finally came, it sounded like an explosion.

"Watch out!" The window splintered and spread where the rock struck, spraying the two students in the seat with tiny slivers of glass. A boy grabbed his head and screamed, the splinters pricking and scratching his eyes. Blood trickled down his cheek and spilled onto his leather jacket.

"Oh, my God," the girl next to him gasped, her hands clutched in front of her. She was just reaching for him when the second rock crashed through three rows up. The bus filled with screams.

Julie's crouch was a reflex action. She heard the next rock stike the window a split second before it crashed through and smashed the cheek of a girl across the aisle. The girl's eyes widened in shock a moment before she screamed.

Suddenly, the bus was under siege from all sides. Beer bottles smashed through the front window. Two large rocks hit the middle aisle almost simultaneously. The mob surged and raged outside, now heaving bricks at each window. Julie hid her head in her hands, realizing that with every rock, they were getting closer and closer.

"Get under the seats! Get under the seats!"

Everyone dived for the floor as another rock came flying through the window. Julie crunched under a seat face down. The floor was wet and gummy and smelled bad. She felt dirty. She brushed her hand through her hair and felt slivers of glass prick her skin. Next to her, Lynn cried softly.

Suddenly they felt the bus jolt over what must have been a curb, then another. They could hear police outside yelling at the driver to floor it.

Gradually the shouts and sirens faded. Julie was sure they were out of Southie. Still no one moved. They stayed under the seats, feeling the bus sway with each turn.

"OK, everybody up!" called out the bus driver. "We made it."

The bus pulled to a halt and a policeman jumped on.

"Is anyone hurt badly?" He walked up and down the aisle, checking students. One girl was bleeding from her cheek. The boy who had glass splinters near his eye grabbed the policeman's hand. "Come with me in the cruiser." He helped them out of the bus, then turned to the driver.

"Get these kids home. It's been all over the radio, and their parents will be scared to death."

As the bus headed into Roxbury, Julie looked around.

Five windows were shattered; their jagged edges made ugly patterns against the sky. Splinters of glass tinkled to the floor as students brushed off their hair and clothes.

The driver wound a handkerchief around his head and it quickly grew bright red. The window next to him was shattered.

"Why did they go after you? You're white."

"They don't care. They figure anyone who cooperates with this busing is a traitor."

The bus slowed and Julie was relieved to see they were back in her neighborhood. Dozens of anxious parents and neighbors, along with several camera crews and reporters, surrounded each bus as it pulled in.

The black students poured off the buses, some shouting angrily at reporters about what had happened, others still crying.

Julie and Lynn pushed through the crowd. Julie spotted her mother watching the students get off another bus. She was jumping up to try and find her daughter through the broken windows of the bus. She was crying.

"Momma, Momma, I'm OK."

"Julie, you all right, honey? Are you sure?" her mother sobbed as she opened her arms. "I heard all the news about the trouble and I couldn't think of nothin' to do. I wanted to go get you out, but I couldn't get near there."

"They hate us over there."

"I know, I see these buses."

"Momma, I don't want to go back. They can have their school all to themsleves. It just ain't worth it."

"We don't have a choice, honey. No one said it was gonna be easy."